

After Work

by sendatsu

Category: H.I.V.E.

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Franz A., Nigel D.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-26 07:57:41

Updated: 2013-02-26 07:57:41

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:36:26

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,470

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Franz and Nigel are like any couple, after work they have dinner, hang out, and occasionally have sex.

After Work

This is the last of the Frigel I have saved on my computer! For the five people that ship this, here you go, enjoy!

* * *

><p>It might have been surprising, considering both Nigel and Franz had graduated from H.I.V.E.'s alpha stream, that neither of them were big-league super villains. But then again, neither of them had ever been at the top of their class. It didn't matter; the two were content to work as cogs in the great machinery of Diabolus Darkdoom's evil syndicate.<p>

Franz worked in funds, moving money around. Money gained by unsavory means was passed his way and he dutifully made it disappear. He could have taken over his family's business, but chose to stay near Nigel.

Nigel, for his part, worked in the research division. He had a small lab of his own where he used his botany skills to help Darkdoom's legal money making. Lots of bad guys made money legitimately (usually as a front for something more notorious) and Nigel's research led to the creation of many popular perfumes. Nigel's perfumes made money as well as provided means to secretly transport his other creations: various plant-based serums and poisons.

The nice part of this was that when Franz went to go pick his boyfriend up from the lab, Nigel always smelled of fragrance.

They weren't living together, but they might as well have been for all the time they spent at one another's apartments. On that

particular evening, they'd decided to make dinner together. The kitchen in Nigel's flat was a tiny, cell-like room with old, questionable appliances and one trusty microwave â€" so naturally the two went to Franz's place, where the appliances were always top of the line, and the kitchen was large enough to house a small family.

The two of them made dinner together, talking and sharing the day's anecdotes with one another - something Nigel enjoyed. Then they ate - something Franz enjoyed. After dinner, the two curled up on the couch, turned on the telly, and had dessert â€" a slice of angel cake with strawberries â€" both of them occasionally sipping from their own glass of wine. By then they were both getting their second wind after a hard day's work and with the new energy came certain friskiness.

Nigel offered Franz a strawberry and Franz took a small bite, his dark eyes locked on Nigel's, not leaving even as the smaller man finished soft red berry, purposefully making sounds of appreciation that could only be described as sinful.

Rising to the bait, Franz leaned forward on the couch, his hand sliding behind Nigel's lower back as he pressed his lips to his lover's.

Franz' lips tasted like strawberries and wine as Nigel returned the kiss, letting his tongue steel out to slide along his boyfriend's lower lip.

Franz opened his mouth and let Nigel's tongue in. The hand at Nigel's back slipped underneath his shirt, his other hand coming up to cup Nigel's jaw as the kiss became more and more impassioned.

Nigel turned his head, trying to get a better angle on his boyfriend's mouth. He reached between them and started untucking and unbuttoning Franz' shirt. Once he'd opened his lover's shirt he wrapped his arms around him as much as he could and pressed himself against him, groaning when Franz responded by wrapping his arms around him, his larger body seeming to engulf Nigel in warmth.

Nigel began to rock against him and then it was Franz' turn to groan.

"Nigel," he murmured, distracted as his boyfriend laid kisses all along his jaw, trailing down to his neck. "You want to move to the bedroom, ja? I don't have any ugh," he grunted as Nigel's hips ground into his, "I don't have any lube in here."

Nigel let out an exasperated groan as he licked up Franz' jaw to catch his earlobe in his mouth, sucking gently and causing Franz to let out a pleased sigh. At length he let the lobe free from his mouth, making an obscene wet sound.

He hopped off the bed. "Alright," he said, fumbling to unfasten the buttons of his shirt, "bedroom."

Franz stood to follow, but as soon as Nigel had stripped his shirt off, he knew he had to hold him. He gently took his boyfriend's arm and pulled him in for another kiss, reveling in the feeling of skin on skin, his large hands running over the lean muscle of Nigel's

back, as his boyfriend melted against his mouth.

Finally Nigel pulled away from the kiss, walking backwards down the hall, towards the bedroom, tugging his boyfriend after him. Of course, he tripped over nothing and stumbled into the wall.

Franz just laughed airily, following after to press Nigel against the wall, trapping him in another heated kiss.

Nigel shuddered at the feeling of Franz pressed so fully against him and groaned softly at the growing heat in his groin. He wanted friction desperately. He tried to hook his leg up over Franz's waist â€" an impossible feat given their height difference. Thankfully Franz interpreted the motion and bent his knees so he could get a grip on Nigel's thighs and then lift him up.

Nigel groaned loudly into his boyfriend's mouth as he was supported in part by Franz's pelvis firmly pressing against his, holding his body up against the wall. He wrapped his legs as much around his boyfriend's waist as he could and grinded against him.

Franz let out a yelp at the move, then chuckled and returned his boyfriend's affections, thrusting into him so his lover could clearly feel his erection pressing into his ass.

"God, Franz!" Nigel shuddered, wishing more than anything that he were already naked.

"Bedroom," Franz grunted.

"Bedroom!" Nigel gasped, bucking into his boyfriend's groin. God, he could feel the heat of his erection â€" so near and yet so far!

Franz took a moment to get a better grip on him and Nigel dutifully wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's neck. They moved away from the wall with Franz still carrying Nigel, trying to watch where he was going while his boyfriend distracted him with kisses.

Franz lay his lover down on the bed, then climbed on top of him to undo his belt and pull off his pants.

Nigel busied himself running his hands through his Franz's hair and stroking down his neck and over his shoulders, loving the tickle of his boyfriend's warm breath ghosting over his stomach.

Franz palmed him over his briefs, and Nigel let out a wanton groan. "Franz!" He whined desperately.

Franz reached down and began to undo his own belt. "How are you wanting to do this?" He asked, throwing his belt aside and unzipping his pants.

"Oh," Nigel sighed, thinking quickly. "I think - if it's all right, I want to ride you."

Franz chuckled and leant down to kiss Nigel's chest, right over his heart. "It's always alright with you Nigel."

Nigel felt his face and ears grow hot, but he tried to cover his

blush by rolling over and scurrying across the king-sized bed to the bedside table. From the top drawer he drew a tube of lubricant and a condom.

Franz had stripped and was lying down on the other side of the bed, watching Nigel hungrily.

Nigel returned his gaze, licking his lips subconsciously at the sight of Franz' rather sizeable cock. It bobbed gently as Franz propped himself up on his elbow and reached out for the lube.

Nigel handed it over and while he took a moment to strip off his underwear, Franz cradled the lube to his chest, trying to heat it between his hands.

Thoroughly naked, Nigel turned to his boyfriend's erection, he gave it a few pumps with his hand, smiling at the sounds this produced. He thought about how he wouldn't mind pulling a few more of those sounds out before they really got into it.

He knelt down and licked the base of Franz' shaft, his flattened tongue stroked up the sensitive underside of his dick before gently licking the slit of his glans. He took the bell end in his mouth, sliding down slightly so he could feel the whole head in his mouth. He loved the heady feeling of having his mouth filled by Franz's cock. If only he were as good at deep-throating as Franz!

He settled for just bobbing up and down over the head, sucking and swallowing and forever listening to the many appreciative noises that flowed from Franz's lips.

"Nigel," Franz groaned, warning his boyfriend of how close he was.

Nigel pulled back, licking his lips. He quickly opened the condom pack and slid the rubber over his boyfriend's dick, trying to be sensuous enough to tease him, but not drive him to orgasm "that would come later.

He reached out a hand for the lube and for a moment Franz seemed confused. "Don't you want me too?"

"I'll do it," Nigel said, then smiled in a way that was terribly sexy. "You can watch."

Franz swallowed, then quickly handed over the bottle.

The lube was only slightly warm as Nigel spread it thickly over his hand, but he quickly warmed it between his fingers, coating them completely, eyeing Franz out of the corner of his eye.

The larger man sat up to watch properly as his boyfriend reached between his legs and began to finger his entrance. He could tell when Nigel slipped a finger inside himself, it seemed as if his boyfriend's whole body flushed. He watched, fascinated as he saw Nigel's hand move, his finger moving in and out of him. It was possibly the most erotic display his boyfriend had ever shown him, and it had only just started.

Nigel added a second finger, shuddering as he scissored his fingers

inside of himself, then gasped softly as they grazed his prostate. He rocked against his hand, stroking his inner walls and pressing against that wonderful knot of nerves. "Oh," he gasped as the feeling tingled through him, making his toes curl and heat rise to his face. As good as it felt to touch himself, it was so much better when it was Franz's cock, so much fuller and harder.

Nigel removed his hand, feeling his orgasm closing in on him. He fumbled with the bottle of lube and poured another generous amount on his hands, this time to slick up his partner's pulsing erection.

He positioned himself so he was crouched over his boyfriend's lap, his hands resting on his boyfriend's hips. Franz reached between them and held his dick in place while Nigel sunk down on top of his boyfriend's member with a practiced ease.

He groaned as he felt Franz sliding into him, filling him to the brim. He shuddered at the fullness. Franz's hand slid out of the way as Nigel came down, as far in as he could go.

The smaller man paused to adjust to the largeness inside him, but he only needed a moment. He began to grind into his lover's groin slowly, rocking gently until he felt Franz brush up against his prostate. Finding the right angle, he started to move up until he felt the tip of Franz' head touch the rim of his entrance. He plunged back down again, hitting his prostate hard and forcing a surprised moan from Franz' lips. He rose up again and repeated the sudden drop, getting a rhythm, moving faster.

Franz allowed himself a chance to enjoy the moment, basking in the sensation of Nigel's tight heat wrapped around him, watching the flickers of emotion on Nigel's face as he found his prostate and began to move in earnest.

He then reached up and began to fondle his boyfriend's chest. He circled both nipples with feather-soft touches, smiling when he felt Nigel shudder at his touch. He gently squeezed one while pressing the other, switching up his touches to keep a constant varying pressure.

Nigel's movements were becoming too quick and too erratic to continue slowly touching him. "Oh, oh, Franz," the smaller man lost it, bouncing as much he could on his boyfriend's dick, reveling in the feeling of the hot member stroking his insides and pressing so wonderfully against his prostate.

Franz knew that Nigel was close â€" his moans were growing louder. He reached between them and took hold of Nigel's erection, letting the smaller man's own up-and-down motions draw his cock through Franz's palm.

"Oh, Franz. Oh. Oh." Nigel moaned, head tilting back as his orgasm rose inside of him. With a low moan he came, seed spilling onto his lover's hand. His motions floundered for a moment, his thoughts clouding over.

He sat on Franz's lap, tingling with orgasm, feeling the erection still inside of him pulsing softly.

He smiled softly at Franz, an apology on lips for coming too early,

but Franz just grinned a wolf-like grin at him.

Nigel gasped in surprise as Franz took hold of his hips and, with a speed that didn't seem possible for someone his size, flipped the two of them around so Nigel lay on his back and Franz knelt between his legs.

Franz' height made it so Nigel lay only half on his back, his hips off the bed as his Franz held his legs open.

"Are you being ready to continue?"

"Yes. I think- yes. Go."

And Franz went, driving his shaft downwards into Nigel's entrance, knocking Nigel's over-stimulated prostate again and again.

The smaller man shuddered at the feeling, watching as a droplet of sweat flicked off of Franz's bangs, his boyfriend's face tight as he neared his orgasm.

In the pleasant haze of post-coitus, Nigel could feel Franz tighten inside him and half wished he weren't wearing a condom so he could feel his boyfriend filling him with his seed. He watched his boyfriend's jaw slack as he let out a low moan, the last tremor of his orgasm rushing through him.

Franz pulled out of his boyfriend and gently lowered his hips back down to the bed. Nigel watched his lover, smiling lazily. "I love you." He murmured sleepily.

Franz smiled back, eyes sparkling softly. "I love you too."

And with that he lowered himself down and the two melted into one last (long) kiss.

End
file.